

# The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXIV. No. 2133

London  
May 13, 1942



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Price :  
One Shilling and Sixpence  
Vol. CLXIV. No. 2133

Postage: Inland 2d Canada & Newfoundland 1d Foreign 1½d



## The Dietrich Joins the Gibson Girls

Nearly forty years ago London went mad on the Gibson girls. There were Gibson Girl hats, Gibson Girl hair-dos, Gibson Girl frocks, forerunners of the Shirley Temple days which were to follow. And all because a pretty little Danish girl, Camille Clifford, was attracting a great deal of attention at the Lyceum Theatre singing a simple little song called "A Gibson Girl." Happy memories will be revived in many hearts, not quite so young as they were, when Marlene Dietrich is seen on the screen in *The Spoilers*, the latest Universal film which is due to arrive in this country from America any day now. The saloon of a gold-mining town has once again been chosen as the Dietrich background. Set in Alaska, the story tells of a shrewd, seductive woman saloon owner who gets what she wants in her own way. With her much-padded hair reaching incredible heights, Marlene is as lovely a Gibson Girl as ever threatened the heart and home of the young bloods of the early century.





# WAY OF THE WAR

By "Foresight"

## Looking Ahead

**A**FTER Mr. Oliver Lyttelton came Sir Stafford Cripps and after Sir Stafford comes Mr. Anthony Eden. I am referring to the last few Sunday night postscript talks on the B.B.C. Home and Forces programme, and there will be others. It would not surprise me to see Mr. R. A. Butler, the Minister of Education, Sir Archibald Sinclair, the Secretary for Air, and a few more of the forward-looking members of the Government taking their place in this series of talks. An evident theme is running through them. These are the national leaders who increasingly are placing the stamp of their personality on the policy of the country. All recognise that the freedom loving nations must have their own "new order" to offer to the world at large and to their own peoples in particular.

Sir Stafford is perhaps the most deeply convinced of them all that we must be prepared to go forward in step with the general evolutionary trend which is sweeping over every continent. In the Axis countries it has taken the most vicious form; a destructive downward spiral which must of its very nature drown the nations it engulfs within its vortex. The order which the United Nations are seeking to evolve has to have exactly the opposite qualities, aiming to make service of the State an enjoyable thing and holding out prospects of equal opportunity for all.

## Now or Never

**B**EFORE long we may hear that the Government has again taken up the urgent study of these reconstruction problems which were

virtually dropped when Mr. Arthur Greenwood left the Government at the last reshuffle. I imagine that Sir Stafford Cripps is even now pressing the Prime Minister to depute a small group of his colleagues to undertake the work. Here he will have some resistance to overcome. As I wrote last week, it is not that Mr. Churchill takes a reactionary view on these matters. The fact that he despatched Sir Stafford Cripps to India with so far-reaching proposals for constitutional reform may alone be held to disprove that notion.

But there certainly are two views in the Government on the appropriate moment for taking up that study. To Mr. Churchill winning the war means the attention of every man focused on war effort, planning and production. It would be his view, I think, that to divert the minds of his ministers to questions appearing abstract—questions which might even lead to controversy within the Government team—would be inimical to the first task of achieving victory. Others of his colleagues hold that the imagination of the world, and of our own people, will not be fired unless they know for what constructive future we are fighting. These are the men who are making the postscript talks. They do not want to see us overtaken by peace and finding that we have not cleared our minds on the great social problems which then will crowd upon us.

## Back on the Band Waggon

**T**HAT dynamic personality Lord Beaverbrook is back in our midst and we may expect to see his newspapers running with even greater fervour the popular campaign for a second

front to relieve the German military pressure on Russia. It is the cry of the hour and Lord Beaverbrook is always anxious to give the people what they want. When the cry was for planes he persuaded Mr. Churchill that he should become head of a brand new department called the Ministry of Aircraft Production. When the cry was for tanks he projected his own transfer to the Ministry of Supply and his newspapers cried aloud for tanks which, miraculously, began at once to flow freely from the factories, just as aircraft had flown in the previous year.

Now it is a continental expedition to help Russia and Lord Beaverbrook is firmly seated on the box of the band-waggon. But this time I fancy that he will conduct his campaign from an independent position rather than from a Government Ministry.

## Taft versus Willkie

**T**HINGS are warming up on the political front in the United States and it begins to look as though the Republicans may gain a majority in Congress. The leaders of the Democratic Party probably made a tactical error in raising the party banner by calling on all their supporters to rally to the side of the Administration. Mr. Roosevelt was quick to see that this would stir the opposition to activity and took the first opportunity to declare publicly that men should be elected on the basis of their evident determination to back the war effort, and this without respect for party label.

In point of fact the President would find no difficulties arising from the fact that his own party no longer held a majority in Parliament so long as Mr. Wendell Willkie remained Republican leader. That will be determined next month at the party conference, when a vote will be taken on his resolution calling for a declaration that the United States should continue active participation in world affairs after the war. Senator Taft is challenging that resolution and with it the party leadership. The two men opposed one another when both were seeking nomination for the Presidential election in 1940 and it is generally believed that Mr. Willkie will again come out on top.

## Anti-British Agitation

**A** DISTURBING feature of Anglo-American relations during the past month or two has been the persistence of a hostile attitude towards Britain among a section of the American people. It has been deliberately fostered by some of the leading Isolationists who are more concerned with domestic affairs than with the great events going on in the world around them. Colonel McCormick, publisher of the *Chicago Tribune*, is one of the most prominent and a sharp battle is raging between him and his paper, on the one hand, and the *Chicago Daily News*, owned by Colonel Frank Knox, the Secretary for the Navy. Matters are not being improved by some of the governments of the European occupied countries which have large populations in America. In their anxiety to appear as the great upholders of their national rights they are unwittingly playing into the hands of the President's most bitter opponents.

Britain has suffered in America, as elsewhere, during the past six months with not having a good story to sell. Our reverses in the Far East are only now beginning to be offset by our great air offensive against Germany and such steps as the preventive occupation of Madagascar and the continued survival of Malta, still cheerful under its terrific pounding. Incidentally, news comes over from time to time showing that some at least of the British information officers in the United States are doing an excellent job. His many friends in London will be glad to know that Mr. David



## Royal Tour of a Raided City

Bath, recent victim of German "reprisal" raids, was visited by the King and Queen, who made a long tour of the city, and talked to many of the people who had lost their homes, and to A.R.P. workers. Their Majesties were met by Alderman Bateman, the Mayor of Bath, seen here with them, and by General Sir Hugh Ellis, Reg. Commissioner for S.W. England



Graham Hutton, one-time assistant editor of the *Economist* and the author of many excellent books on Europe, has apparently scored a big success in the Middle West.

### Protecting Madagascar

PLANS to assume protective control over Madagascar had been in hand for many weeks and were certainly facilitated, indirectly, by the coming to power of Laval at Vichy. In a matter so directly affecting relations with France the British Government was obviously anxious to move only in full agreement with Washington. It may also be presumed that the British Admiralty did not wish to risk a challenge which might be used to bring the French Navy out of Toulon against us until the American warships, as recently announced, had arrived in the Mediterranean.

Spokesmen of the Fighting French movement in different parts of the world were generous in acclaiming Britain's action, especially on the ground that almost for the first time we had anticipated action by the enemy. It would have been understandable if they had been somewhat cooler, for they have consistently pressed to be allowed to take over the administration in Madagascar throughout the past eighteen months. When they first raised the matter the job could have been done from inside and Laval and Darlan would not now have even the most specious of excuses for fomenting French feeling against Britain as "an aggressor" against France. Fortunately, it seems evident that the bulk of the French people are not interested in Laval's version of the position.

### Local Knowledge Available

SEVERAL times in these notes I have suggested that practical advantage could be gained from using the extensive local knowledge of certain Allied officers who are now joined with the United Nations in fighting a common enemy. It would, for example, have been a natural thing for the British Staff planning the occupation of Madagascar to consult General Legentilhomme of the French National Committee, because it was he who laid out the defensive fortifications of the island. Admiral

Auboyneau, the new Fighting French Naval Commander-in-Chief, also has intimate knowledge of conditions in and around Madagascar.

Gradually we approach to a more complete integration of the war effort as developed by the United Nations. In the latest operations, as in the fact that American bomber squadrons will soon be attacking on the "second front" with increasing weight, we see the product of those intensive talks between General Marshall and Mr. Harry Hopkins with our own Government and staff a week or two ago. Although the Americans do not wish to put their squadrons under the command of the R.A.F., as has been done with the French, Poles, Czechs, Dutch, Belgians and Norwegians, they are not above recognising the value of "local knowledge" which the R.A.F. has gained in three years of war on this front. U.S. Bomber Command will be independent, but working in the closest collaboration with the British.

### Club for the Allies

VARIOUS steps have been taken during the past two years to enable British officers, officials and ordinary men and women to become better acquainted with their opposite numbers from the occupied countries of Europe now carrying on the fight from these shores. Notable have been the many gatherings organised by the Overseas League at its club premises in St. James's, under the energetic and able direction of Sir Jocelyn Lucas, M.P. This week sees the opening of a new enterprise called the Allies' Club, under the projected chairmanship of Earl de La Warr with Mrs. Anthony Drexel Biddle as vice-chairman, and a representative committee including, among others, the Hon. Mrs. Jack Crawshaw, daughter of a former British Ambassador to Paris, Lord Tyrrel, Lord Ivor Spencer Churchill and Captain Edward Molyneux.

The club, which will be non-residential, aims at providing a meeting place for Allied nationals, amongst whom the United States and the British Commonwealth should be strongly represented. Both serving members of the Forces, men and women, as well as civilians will be eligible for membership.



### A Luncheon Celebrates—

Colonel M. K. Mathews and Lord Kindersley, President of the National Savings Committee, were at the lunch celebrating the amalgamation of the Finsbury and City of London Savings Bank and the London Savings Bank. Colonel Mathews is Chairman of the former



### —United Savings Banks

Sir Spencer J. Portal was chairman of the luncheon, at which the official sanction for the amalgamation of London's two trustee savings banks was read. He had beside him at the table Mr. Edward Holland Martin, a Director of the Bank of England



### On a Southern Command Tour

During a recent tour of Southern Command, Mr. R. G. Casey, General George Marshall, the U.S. Chief of Staff, and Mr. Winston Churchill stopped at Stonehenge to look at the famous stones. Mr. Casey has since arrived in Cairo to take up his new duties as Minister of State in the Middle East. He was formerly Australian Minister in Washington



### At an Eastern Command Demonstration

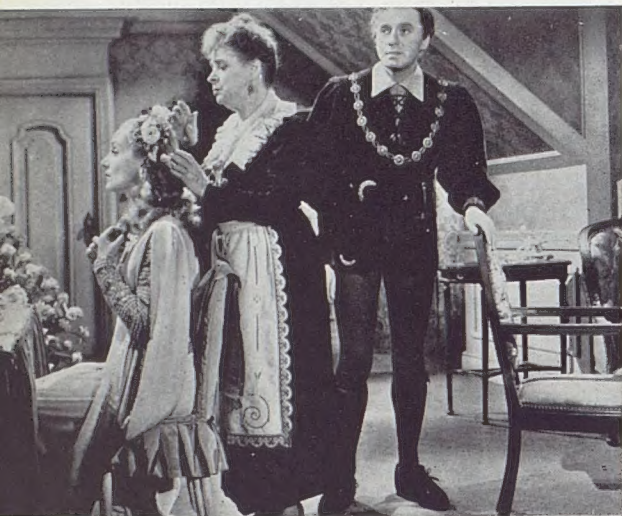
A large-scale air demonstration took place in the Eastern Command, which was seen by the Russian Military Mission and by Chiefs of Allied Forces. Above is Lieut.-General K. A. N. Anderson, G.O.C. Eastern Command, talking to Vice-Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten, Chief of Combined Operations. In the centre is General Sir Ronald Adam, Adjutant-General to the Forces



# MYSELF AT THE PICTURES

By James Agate

*The Answer is: Yes, Mr. Lubitsch!*



*To Be or Not To Be (Gaumont)*

In Warsaw the Teatr Polski are presenting Joseph Tura (Jack Benny) in "Hamlet." Co-starring with Joseph is Maria, his wife (Carole Lombard). As leading actress, Maria has many admirers. Joseph is jealous, especially so when he finds an enormous bouquet of roses in Maria's dressing-room



With the German occupation of Warsaw, the Polski Company turn to more serious parts. They have in stock the Nazi uniforms for "Gestapo," a play already in rehearsal to follow "Hamlet." Here, Joseph, masquerading as a Gestapo leader, plans the day's activities with members of his company



Maria has her part to play. The real Gestapo leaders are anxious to get her help in tracing the "underground" patriots. They flatter her, but Maria is not fooled. She gets valuable information and finally the whole company is successful in getting away from Warsaw—in the Fuhrer's own plane

FOR years the film critics have amazed me by claiming to tell by looking at a film who has directed the picture. This has always seemed to me to be as fantastic as to claim that if at a classical concert you were to put a screen round the conductor you would know who is wagging the stick. On Wednesday last, Mr. Moiseiwitsch, taking one bite at three cherries, performed Beethoven's Concertos Nos. 3, 4 and 5, the conductors being Mr. Basil Cameron, Mr. Keith Douglas and Sir Adrian Boult. If any musical critic is going to step forward and say that blindfolded he could have told which conductor was conducting which concerto I just wouldn't believe him. I also believe that if Mr. Moiseiwitsch had been indisposed and his place taken by Pouishnoff, Miss Myra Hess, and Mr. Clifford Curzon, none of the critics, blindfolded, would have been any the wiser.

HOWEVER, I may be wrong. There was a time when I knew a Rene Clair picture, because the houses slanted and bowed to one another across the street. Now that Clair has given this up and his buildings have returned to the perpendicular, there is no reason why I should be able to tell his picture from anybody else's. On the other hand I think I might tell an Orson Welles's picture. At least whenever I see a shot which may be (a) a piece of buttered teacake, or (b) a tramcar, or (c) a picturisation of the heroine's soul-state—why then I shall confidently diagnose this master. And I begin to think it possible to recognise the work of Ernst Lubitsch. Why? Because it is witty. But with this qualification, that I shall only be able to distinguish the witty Lubitsch from the unwitty others so long as the others remain unwitty.

THAT *To Be or Not To Be* (Gaumont) is witty is incontestable. And by gosh, it had to be. At the beginning of the picture I was a little worried about the propriety of using the agony of Warsaw as a background for farce. But we see almost nothing of the agony, and there is a great deal of very amusing farce. And I am not ashamed to say that this film offends my sense of the proprieties far less than most films using the war as a background for heavy emotionalism. Lubitsch's wit is at any rate first rate of its kind, while most of the emotionalism paraded in our war films contrives to be both laboured and catchpenny.

THE film had to be witty to obtain our consent to a number of incredible things, which if the wit had ever ceased, we should never have believed. We should not have believed, for instance, that those typical flowers of Hollywood, Jack Benny and Carole Lombard were Poles. That the Gestapo is so loosely conducted that an actor can wander about bamboozling authority and impersonating at will a Nazi spy and a Gestapo chief familiar to every one.

The art of farce does not consist in plunging your characters into monstrous predicaments from which no ingenuity can extricate them. The art of farce consists in the ingenuity with which the farce-maker is able to get his characters out of situations from which, without that ingenuity, they could not be extricated. In the wildest farces of Labiche—

incidentally the best farces ever written—it is just possible to believe that this husband did in such and such manner hoodwink that wife. And the art of the master is shown when the successful extrication from one scrape merely serves to plunge the hero into another. Judged by this standard *To Be or Not To Be* is a failure. But it is a failure redeemed by somebody's, and presumably Lubitsch's, wit.

Jack Benny as the ham actor asks the Gestapo chief whether he has ever seen Tura, the great Polish tragedian. "Haf I not?" says the Nazi, "And vot he did to Shakespeare, ve Germans are doing to Poland!" This brought the house down. There is a charming performance by Carole Lombard, which is, alas, the last we shall have from this gifted player. The Nazis are superbly played, and part of German punishment after the war might consist in forcing the Germans to see films like this which expose the modern German spirit in all its bestial absurdity.

THE Lubitsch film, though based on an indiscretion, is undoubtedly a work of art. *One Foot in Heaven* (Warner's), based on the simple-minded message of Joseph, Silas and any other Hocking, is a work of just nothing at all. It tells how a Methodist parson makes headway against the greed, scandal-mongering and all the petty vices of a one-horse American town. How he succeeds and gets a little older; how he succeeds some more and gets a little older still.

How, one day, he gets rid of the preposterous and wheezy choir of antiquated beldams and puffed-up churls and replaces them by the children who, unknown to their parents, have been rehearsing Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*. This, if you please, in the dead core and centre of America's Middle West round about the end of the last war! There is another charming scene which takes place on Armistice Night. The crowd comes to the minister's home to tell him the great news. There are signs of jollity, quickly and sternly repressed by the minister who bids his people kneel down and pray, which they do, in a heavy snowstorm!

EVENTUALLY the town decides that it has had enough of its parson and conspires to get rid of him by pretending that his schoolboy son has been surprised in too intimate conversation with a young girl pupil in the same class. This turning out to be wholly untrue and therefore pure slander, the minister satisfies his revenge by blackmailing the gossips into building a new church, with a slap-up organ and a carillon of bells imported from Switzerland. The picture ends with the good, earnest fellow manipulating the carillon with tears of joy rolling down his conscientious cheeks. Ends, did I say? Not quite. We are to understand that the new church and the organ and the bells and the social centre and the new parsonage will all be handed over to a successor, while Fredric March, with Martha Scott in loyal support, transplant themselves to Iowa, where a humble little church is in difficulties.

Whereat the cynical, hard-bitten, male film critics filed out holding, like Walrus and Carpenter, their pocket handkerchiefs before their streaming eyes.





*Getting Ready To Go On The Set*

## Trademark As Usual

Alfred Hitchcock Stamps "Saboteur"

Every picture directed by Alfred Hitchcock carries the Hitchcock hall mark. Apart from designing his own sets and providing his cameraman with personally drawn sketches showing the positions in which he wants his actors, lights and cameras, for every key scene, he has always made it a rule to appear personally in every picture he has made. He believes that by so doing, he casts a good-luck spell on them. You may remember him in *Suspicion* as the man who walks across the screen to buy a paper; you probably spotted him in the crowd scene in *Rebecca*. Here he is getting ready for his appearance as a deaf and dumb pedestrian who tries to date a girl by sign language in his latest picture, *Saboteur*, co-starring Priscilla Lane and Robert Cummings in a story of wartime America. The Hitchcock idea of hall-marking his pictures has been taken up by two other prominent directors; both Michael 49th Parallel Powell and Monty Banks have adopted the system. Spotting the director is likely to become a popular game amongst film fans; it calls for concentration and knowledge of film personalities



*In Position, He Waits For The Word "Shoot"*



# The Theatre

By Horace Horsnell

## Fine and Dandy

THIS new musical show at the Saville justifies its name. It is so fine and dandy that playgoers to whom limelight and colour, song and dance, appeal more strongly than wit and burlesque, will have no cause for disappointment. They are richly catered for.

It would seem that the closer austerity presses on the lay side of the footlights, the greater the latitude it allows on the other. This, no doubt, is one of the theatre's more successful illusions. The ribbon and lace and gossamer, which so become the ladies of the chorus, are probably less practical than pretty, and so escape the grudging coupon. Be this as it may, they give an illusion of the chic and glitter of the nights of old.

The musical appeal is similarly generous. It does not stray too far from the rhythms of the moment to catch singers off the note or dancers off the beat. Nor will it disappoint amateurs of swing. Mr. Manning Sherwin's melodies are as workmanlike in their modish way as are the occasional arias from yesterday's classics with which Miss Pat Taylor diversifies the choral routine.

Such disappointment as might be felt is more likely to be due to a relative austerity in the appeal of the fun; or rather to the fact that three such experts in provoking laughter as Messrs. Leslie Henson, Stanley Holloway, and Douglas Byng, seem to be less than generously catered for by the writers of the book.

MR. HENSON's comic genius, manifestly eager and able to be up and doing, has nothing quite so rewarding to do as his interruptive, side-box sahib from Poonah, or that fervid virtuoso whose pianoforte rendering of THE Prelude in the previous show left us so happily limp.

He does, it is true, make some highly ridiculous excursions into burlesque territory; notably as the native compere to "A Story of the Steppes," a vivacious parody which laughs both with and at the cordial excesses of Russian vaudeville; and as a cautious provincial librarian, whose professional prudery melts at the passionate disclosures of *No Posies for Miss Parsons*. These he endows with the comic force that genius commands, and enhances caricature that might otherwise be less than convulsive.



Revelling in the well-meaning malapropisms of the Russian impresario, Leslie Henson provides one of the high spots of the show in "A Story of the Steppes"

Remembering the tricks of the comedian's trade, I suggest, with diffidence, that Mr. Henson is happiest when least trammelled by a formal text, and gives the impression that he is extemporising. In a nice skit, "Radio Round Up," for instance, his make up, voice, and manner are so suggestive of truth to life that one wishes he might amplify his somewhat scanty lines, and extend good parody in open and personal dispute with his brainy colleagues.

IN the same nice skit, Mr. Stanley Holloway's "Rear-Admiral Camperdown" uncannily



(Left) Dorothy Dickson and Graham Payn dance delightfully together

Sketches by Tom Titt

(Right) Pat Taylor sings sentimental songs with charm and vivacity



confirmed one listener's divination of the looks and deportment of the bluff, omniscient seaman who, having been everywhere and seen everything, is able to confirm or confute the wildest speculations of mere landlubbers. Mr. Holloway contributes another good caricature to the show—"The Great George Lashbourne, the last of the Lion Comiques"—an evocative souvenir of the days when the Music Hall was resonant without the aid of the microphone, and such lions knew how to roar.

MR. BYNG ranges with acidulated gentility through his gallery of Edwardian grotesques, and contrasts the racy reminiscences of "An

as well as sighs. Her fulfilment of a "Winterhalter Waltz" is as charming as her coup de grace to a "Sweetheart of the Forces" is lethal.

Praise is due to the resourceful confidence with which Mr. Robert Nesbitt has staged the show. He has marshalled the contributions of an army of literary, musical, scenic and dancing collaborators with strategic skill. The forces at his disposal are cunningly distributed. And while the first part of the programme may seem under-rationed in fun, it is generously spectacular; and the second part, in which the shock troops of comedy come into more frequent action, does something to redress the balance between satire and sentiment.



Stanley Holloway, as himself, as the ghost of a grenadier, as Rear-Admiral Camperdown (of the Brains Trust) and The Great George Lashbourne



Old Norman Castle (replete with double entente)—or Russian matron of the Steppes—it's all in the day's work for Douglas Byng





Two of the Press Gang. Henry Kendall and Patricia Leonard, far too well dressed for reporters, scoop the Press



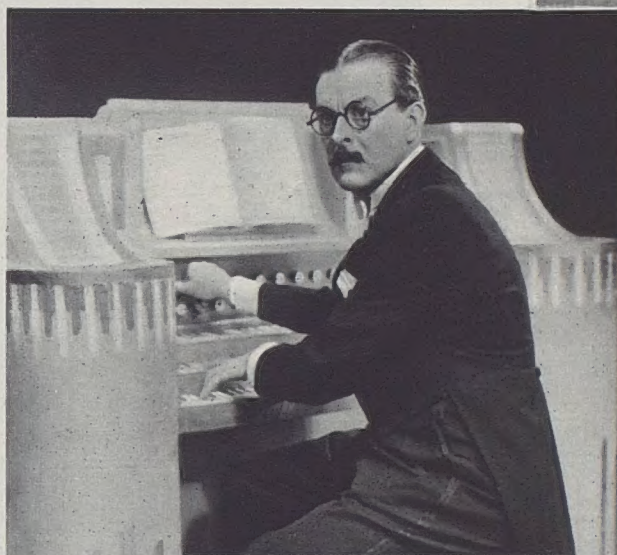
The old Irish mother of countless ballads "doomed to be a treachery waltz in a minor key" is brilliantly portrayed by Joan Swinstead, an old favourite of the "Gate Revue" company



"Oh, Madame Rene, you're as good as Toscanini." Charles Hawtrey as leader of a ladies' café orchestra in "Listen to the Band." Charles Hawtrey was in "New Faces." He is another old member of the Gate, and, incidentally, the only boy to play Peter Pan (on the radio)

## Vaudeville Scoop

Scoop is a light-hearted revue presented by J. W. Pemberton, who hopes to re-establish the last war reputation of the Vaudeville as the home of the wittiest intimate revue in town. The music is by Arthur Young, who makes a personal appearance with his Swingette. The book is assembled by David Heneker, and the whole show produced by Henry Kendall. It's a gay, amusing show, slickly put over by an accomplished cast. For a couple of hours off away from the war, it's an ideal entertainment



Photographs by  
Swarbrick Studios

Left: Henry Kendall as the Ogre of the Organ at the Odeon at Oundle, a pathetic sketch of the real feelings of the man who, day after day, churns out the treachery music demanded by cinema patrons



"No Onions for Miss Standish." The stars burlesque "No Orchids for Miss Blandish." (Henry Kendall as Jim, Nadine March as Miss Standish, Joan Swinstead as Ma, and Michael Shepley as Butch.)



Patricia Leonard and the Chorus in "Jungle Nocturne"



# Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

## Publicity Shy

NATIONAL responsibilities have forced two men both known to their friends as naturally reticent and very shy into the limelight of publicity. It can't have been easy for either the King's cousin, Lord Louis Mountbatten, or England's Premier Duke, the Duke of Norfolk, to overcome their characteristic shyness. The Duke used to be known as "Mouse" in his schooldays at the Oratory because of his quiet, almost dreamy manner. Now he is Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Agriculture and, as such, an important member of the Government. The other day I saw him strolling along St. James's, bowler-hatted as usual. He was being jostled by the crowds and quite ignored by passers-by. It must have been a novel experience for him, and he looked as if he was enjoying it.

Lord Louis is well known to prefer bombs to photographers' bulbs, but now the limelight is part of his job, so he has to put up with it. The Mountbattens have closed their home at Adsdean, near Chichester (where Lady Louis's pet lion used to cause so much consternation to uninitiated guests), and are now living in a tiny wartime home. The Duke has dispensed with a chauffeur and drives himself everywhere in a 40-to-the-gallon, 8-h.p. car.

## Private View

PEOPLE swarmed to the private view at the Royal Academy, and seemed to be glorying in the array of pictures large and small. Colours get brighter every year, and still-lives fought landscapes which killed portraits which would have killed most drawing-rooms.

As usual, Augustus John's was the star turn, and his portrait of Lord Caldecote is delicious, practically a political satire.

The President, Sir Edwin Lutyens, was accompanied by Lady Emily, their son Robert and his attractive wife. Viscount Simon, suave and smooth from head to foot, seemed to be the sole Government representative. He was piloting Lady Simon in black Persian lamb.



Married at Guildford

Major Robert B. Redhead, 12th Royal Lancers, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Redhead, of Great House, Hambleton, Surrey, and Miss Irene Barbara Cottam, were married at St. Nicholas' Church, Guildford. She is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest J. Cottam, of Picards Rough, Guildford

Among people circling the enormous galleries, heads back the better to drink in art, were Lord Willoughby de Broke in his Air Force uniform; Mme. Simopoulos for Greece; Mrs. Dod Procter, the new R.A.—there are only two women with this distinction; Mr. and Mrs. John Rothenstein—she and her twin sister have looks which might have been created by the pre-Raphaelites; Lady Meyer, who was Miss Barbadee Knight, with her mother, Mrs. Knight; Mr. Ernest Thesiger as always—so the same he might have been there since last year;



Dennis Moss

## Christened at Daglingworth

Ewan Archibald Knowles Jackson, seen here with his parents, Lieut. Desmond E. K. Jackson, The Devonshire Regiment, and Mrs. Desmond, of Daglingworth House, Cirencester, was christened at Daglingworth Church

Lady Dalrymple Champneys, smiling from among red curls; and Mrs. Berkeley Owen.

## More Guests

LADY DASHWOOD, in blue country tweeds with a yellow flower on one shoulder, seemed to be more interested in the sculpture than the pictures; Lady Melchett, up from the country, was with her schoolgirl daughter Karis, just as knowledgeable, apparently, about the pictures as her mother; they met Violet Lady Melchett as they finished their tour of the galleries, and the trio went off together for lunch. Mrs. Inge was there with the Dean, wearing, as usual, a picturesque, old-world grey toilette and an Edwardian hat wreathed with an ostrich-feather. Lady Helen Graham, one of the Queen's Ladies-in-Waiting, arrived alone. Lady Norman, in her W.V.S. uniform, had her daughter for company; Lady Worthington-Evans and Miss Irene Vanbrugh were with Sir John Martin-Harvey, and Miss Dorothy Dickson with her pretty daughter. Lady Cohen, the Hon. E. D. and Mrs. O'Brien, Sir Frank Newnes, Lady Aberconway, looking very lovely in navy blue, Gwladys Lady Swaythling, Mrs. Arthur



Swabe

## First Nighter

Lady Dudley, so well remembered as *Gertie Miller*, was at the Saville Theatre for the first performance of "*Fine and Dandy*." She married the late Earl of Dudley as his second wife in 1924

James, Mrs. Clare Sheridan, Lord and Lady Jessel, Mr. Gordon Selfridge and his elder daughter Princess Serge Wiasemsky, Sir Philip and Lady Chetwode, and Lord Parmoor all looked in during the day.

## Salisbury Races

TWO of the King's horses, Sun Chariot and Big Game, won races at Salisbury in lovely sunshine and the high wind which makes this hilltop course like the rigging of a ship.

The Duke and Duchess of Norfolk both had horses running, and they were both there, he in clergyman-grey tweed and a bowler, she in pink check, looking very well. Another owner there, with her two daughters and looking very smart and attractive, was Lady Sybil Phipps, the Duchess of Gloucester's tall sister. Also Lord Portman, owner of Convoy, like a lamp-post in khaki, smiling at the top.

Another smiler was Major Geoffrey Phipps-Hornby, there with Mrs. Phipps-Hornby.

Lord and Lady Stavordale were walking round: she had lovely all-purple clothes. Lady Weymouth looked wonderful in grey and white, with a grey blouse matching her coat and skirt.

## Field and Crowd

LORD SHAFTESBURY was there, his daughter Lady Dorothea Head, son-in-law Colonel Anthony Head, and daughter-in-law Lady Ashley. Mr. Teddy Lambton was talking to Captain and Mrs. Fulke Walwyn—she looked splendid in the bright yellow make-up no one less pretty could risk wearing; Lord Westmorland joked with Captain Boyd-Rochfort; Captain Robin Wilson emitted nut-crackery smiles; newly-married Captain and Mrs. George Thorne drifted about; Captain and Mrs. Freddie Hennessy sat in the sun talking to people; the Duke of Rutland arrived late with Major Rupert Bromley; Lord and Lady Tryon were together—she was Miss Dreda Burrell, one of the most delightful people; Lady Denbigh was with her young daughter; Mr. John Mason was with his pretty wife, who was Miss Diana Coventry; Mr. and Mrs. Jack Thursby walked around; then there were Major Lord Ardee, Captain Rupert Gerard, Mr. George Beeby, the trainer, in Air Force uniform—Mrs. Beeby was there, too; Captain David Bonsor, and Mr. Robin Reed, another trainer.

The Earl and Countess of Lewis were talking to the latter's sister Mrs. Jim Windsor-Lewis, who was married last year to Major Windsor-Lewis, in the Welsh Guards. Major Windsor-Lewis was wounded and taken prisoner when fighting with his regiment in France in 1940, and made a marvellous escape, arriving back in this country in December 1940 after many months of adventure. He was awarded both the M.C. and D.S.O.





Swabe

#### Four Recent Diners-Out at the Lansdowne

Commander T. V. Briggs, R.N., took Miss Mary Le Bas out to dinner one night at the Lansdowne. He is a son of Admiral Sir Charles Briggs, K.C.B., a former Lord of the Admiralty and Controller of the Navy

Lady Denham and her elder son, the Hon. Richard Bowyer, were dining together at the same restaurant. She was Miss Daphne Freeman-Mitford before her marriage, and her husband is Parliamentary Private Secretary to Lord Croft

#### Paddock and Picnics

THE HON. PAMELA DIGBY was strolling in the paddock with Mrs. Derek Parker Bowles; others I saw were Lady Mary Fitzroy, Mrs. John Midwood, Sir Hugo and Lady Cunliffe-Owen, Captain and Mrs. Bobby Petre, Mr. Tom Blackwell and the Hon. Anthony Mildmay.

A sign of the times was seeing Captain Boyd-Rochford, the well-known trainer, waiting beside the road to get a lift to the course, and Mr. James Rank, millionaire owner, waiting to get a lift home after racing; also I noticed that in spite of there being a "buffet" in the Members', Lord and Lady Sefton, the Hon. Lionel Montague, Lord Carnarvon, Mr. Harry Cottrill, and Mr. Tom Blackwell were amongst many members who had brought their lunch and were having a picnic before racing, thus setting a good example.

#### Party

THAT same evening Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay gave one of her famous parties, at which some of the racing people appeared again, and some others.

Lea Seidl sang marvellously, spell-binding everyone, and her accompanist, Swiss Karl Surber, later played very beautifully alone. Captain Sir Hugh Smiley—who was also at the races—did his brilliant Can-Can, ballet pas seul, and silent but uproariously funny sketch of his Grandmother Going to Bed. A band of Grenadier Guardsmen—two guitars, drums, trumpet—and Mr. Freddie Shaughnessy, super at the piano, played, and among the happy dancers were two of the hostess's brothers, Lords Nigel and Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton; Lady Malcolm Douglas-Hamilton, who was Miss Pamela Bowes-Lyon; Lady David Douglas-Hamilton; Mrs. Rupert Mitford, with her two charming young daughters, the Misses June and Juliet Hainault; and Miss Diana Bowes-Lyon; Lady Grant of Monymusk; Mr. Jim Barber, entertaining other people and himself with feline selectiveness; Lady Ashley again, looking nice in a long green dress; Miss Diana Bell, the famous—and pretty—point-to-point rider, who was at the races earlier in her F.A.N.Y. uniform; Major and Mrs. Henry Allsopp—he is Lord

Hindlip's brother, and did some clever contortions with a tumbler on his forehead; Captain and Mrs. Edward Tyler—she looked very lovely in an unusual petunia and purple dress, and was Miss Philippa Fitzalan Howard; Lord and Lady Denbigh, Captain and Mrs. Desmond Fitzgerald; Mr. and Mrs. Gerald Wills; Mr. John Orme; Mrs. John Morrison; and many more, making the Wiltshire night delicious with their gay goings-on.

#### First Night

THE first night of the new Firth Shephard musical show, *Fine and Dandy*, attracted a lot of stage people, including Miss Florence Desmond, Miss Oriel Ross, and Mr. Michael Wilding, with his Grecian-profiled wife.

The house was packed, and people thronged the foyer beforehand and in the intervals, putting up a good show of smartness, many of the women in evening dresses. Mrs. Dudley Porter was with Sir Louis Sterling; Lady Sterling is away. Mr. Egerton Cooper looked more like a diplomat than the artist he is; Benno

(Concluded on page 216)



#### Lord Cobham's Son Marries Miss Elizabeth Makeig-Jones at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

The marriage of Major the Hon. Charles Lyttelton, R.A., only son of Viscount and Viscountess Cobham, to Miss Elizabeth Alison Makeig-Jones, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Makeig-Jones, of Southerton House, near Ottery St. Mary, Devon, took place on April 30th

The bridegroom's two younger sisters, the Hon. Audrey and the Hon. Lavinia Lyttelton, were bridesmaids at the wedding. They wore cream-coloured Empire dresses and carried bouquets of mixed flowers

Captain Viscount Newport, R.A., was best man, and is seen at the reception with the Hon. Viola Lyttelton, eldest sister of the bridegroom. She is an Assistant Section Officer in the W.A.A.F.



# Stage Success on the Screen

"The Man Who Came To Dinner"



Sheridan Whiteside is persuaded by his secretary to accept an invitation to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Stanley. Unfortunately, Whiteside slips on the icy porch of the Stanley residence, and fractures his hip. He commandeers the house and informs Mr. Stanley that the accident is going to cost him 150,000 dollars. (Grant Mitchell, Billie Burke, George Barbier, Monty Woolley and Mary Wickes)



Bert Jefferson, editor of the local newspaper, calls at the Stanley home to get an interview with Whiteside. For Bert and Maggie it is a case of love at first sight, and Maggie promises to get Whiteside to read a play Bert has written. The days of Whiteside's convalescence pass quickly for Bert and Maggie, who skate and ski and picnic in the snow (Richard Travis and Bette Davis)



The Whiteside Christmas broadcast is an annual event which is eagerly anticipated by millions. Completely ignoring the feelings of his host and hostess, Whiteside decides that in view of his injured hip, the broadcast shall be made from the Stanley residence. Choir boys from the local church are hired in order to produce the necessary atmosphere



Beverly Carlton, who as a great English playwright visiting America is said to represent Noel Coward, arrives to pay "homage" to Sheridan Whiteside. Maggie, in desperation, tells him of her love for Bert and of Whiteside's plans to separate them by getting the notorious Lorraine Sheldon to vamp Bert. Carlton promises to help (Monty Woolley, Reginald Gardiner and Bette Davis)





Inactivity produces an abundance of mischievous ideas in the mind of Sheridan Whiteside. He persuades the Stanley children to leave home (Monty Woolley, Bette Davis, Elizabeth Fraser and Russell Arms)



Directed by William Keighley, the Warner presentation of *The Man Who Came to Dinner* opens at the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on May 15th. Julius and Philip Epstein have adapted for the screen the Kaufman-Hart play now running at the Savoy Theatre. Monty Woolley, who played the part on Broadway, will be seen as the noted lecturer, Sheridan Whiteside (the part played by Robert Morley at the Savoy), and Bette Davis as Maggie Cutler, the great man's secretary. Ann Sheridan plays Whiteside's actress friend, Lorraine Sheldon, Jimmy Durante is Banjo, and Reginald Gardiner impersonates Noel Coward. The authors of *The Man Who Came to Dinner*, George Kaufman and Moss Hart, are said to have taken inspiration for the creation of Sheridan Whiteside from their friend Alexander Woollcott, a popular public figure in America. Alexander Woollcott was so delighted at the idea that he played the part when the play toured the United States



Whiteside is determined not to lose Maggie if he can prevent it. He telephones Lorraine Sheldon, an actress friend, tells her he has found a great play for her, and that she must come at once and vamp the author out of giving it to Katherine Cornell (Monty Woolley and Ann Sheridan)

Fooled by Whiteside and flattered by Lorraine, Bert falls for the charm act put over by Lorraine. He sees himself a famous playwright. Maggie alone sees through Whiteside's scheme, which is to separate her from Bert (Ann Sheridan and Richard Travis)



True to his promise to help Maggie, Carlton leaves the house and phones Lorraine from the station. Imitating Lord Bottomley, who Lorraine has long wished to marry, he asks her to return to Palm Beach. Unfortunately, Bert sees Carlton in the phone box, and reports his peculiar behaviour



Whiteside has many crazy friends, but none crazier than Banjo, who arrives at the Stanley residence to pay his respects, and creates havoc in the household (Jimmy Durante, Mary Wickes and Monty Woolley)



When Maggie, broken-hearted by Bert's behaviour, prepares to leave Whiteside, he is finally convinced that she is really in love. He wants to make amends. With Banjo's help and his own beguiling charm, he gets rid of Lorraine in a highly original way. He gives Maggie and Bert his blessing, and walks out of the Stanley home—only to slip once more, really fracturing his hip this time!



# Standing By ...

One Thing and Another  
By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

**M**EDITATING still on the recent misfortunes of Bath, we realise that the only planned, patrician, and beautiful city in these islands had sat among her hills too long, cocking a snook (if one may use so vulgar an expression of such a calm, gracious Augustan old lady) at Progress. The Boche Caliban has merely anticipated the Spirit of the Age. Bath had to have it.

By the Great Horn Spoon of Rocamadour, the "functional" architect boys must be in a tall state of excitement! They'll have a gay time after the war, we guess, rebuilding Bath in concrete, chromium, and glass in the Assyrio-Aztec style. Enormous new statues of all the Georgian notables who ever walked in Gay Street and Trim Street, Milsom Street and Royal Crescent, lounged and flirted and sipped in the Pump Room, splashed in the Roman Bath, and listened to Handel and Pepusch in the Assembly Rooms, will decorate the streets of New Bath. Each masterpiece, the work of some ardent disciple of Epstein, will resemble a lustful baboon, and Jane Austen in particular will crouch on her pedestal naked, lowbrowed, bandy-legged, glowering, bestial, and multiple-breasted, like the Diana of Ephesus seen in a spell of fever by some Hottentot pansy cockeyed with dope.

The real Golden Age of Bath will have dawned, and as Mr. Anstey prophetically remarked in *The New Bath Guide*, 1776:—

Fine Balls, and fine Concerts, fine Buildings,  
fine Springs,  
Fine Walks, and fine Views, and a Thousand  
fine Things,  
Not to mention the sweet Situation and Air—  
What Place, my dear Mother, with Bath can  
compare?

The air will be "conditioned," naturally.

**Pal**

**O**F one of the most modest and slighted of our dumb chums, Mr. Belloc lately remarked:—

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
The Streptococcus is the test—  
I love him least of all.

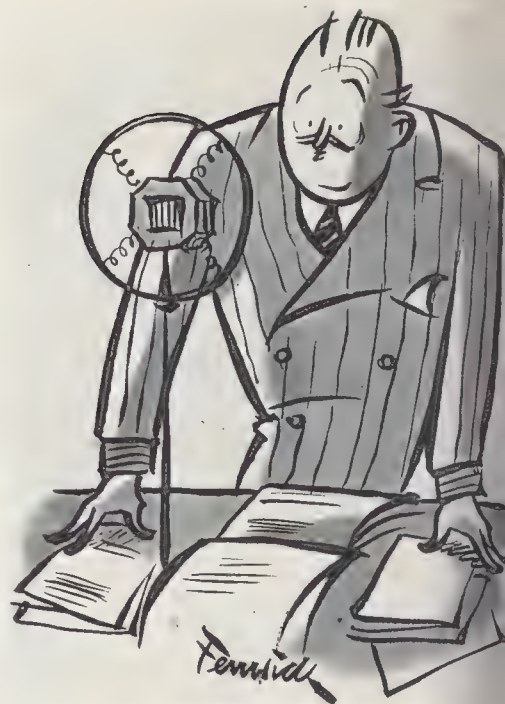
We thought of this rather heartless verse when Auntie Times, to our astonishment recently began devoting quite a slab of that valuable space to the goings-on of a dumb chum slightly larger but equally lowly, plain, and despised by the Island Race; to wit, the Head-Louse. This tiny friend of man is now apparently on the Nazi side and annoying British factory-workers. But even if he wore a tiny button inscribed "Churchill for ever" we doubt if the Race would make a pet of him and fuss round, for he is far too small.

So far as any logic or reason sways the Race at all, its esteem for our dumb friends is notoriously governed by size. The Race spurns the cockroach, for instance, and, when itself spurned by some woman, used for generations to rush abroad and destroy the largest possible fauna with great precision and bitterness. ("He turned red and went to Africa," as Mr. Leslie Henson observed of a love-distraught sahib.) Feathered chums are in a different category; after shooting a few hundred of medium-size in one day the Race will found a bird sanctuary for quite small birds.

We've no solutions or explanations to offer; merely feeling that if some duchess were to take up Auntie Times's new chum socially there might be some action, perhaps.

**Farewell**

**A**BOLISHING America's millionaires, as Mr. Roosevelt has done in principle



"This is the B.B.C. Home and Forces Programme . . . Here is the News; and we must really apologise"

with his £6000-a-year limit, seems an incredible act. Those boys have been the wicked uncles of the American Fairy-Tale since we were that high, and maybe before.

Wail, stockyards of Chicago, and weep, Pittsburg, where the jolly Steel Kings once used to have magnums of champagne brought to them in their carriages at the kerb, knocking the neck off with an oath, and giving the adoring populace a big hello. Mourn, ghosts of the Waldorf-Astoria, where Old Man Vanderbilt's strident cry, "Well, I'm rich, ain't I?" used to dominate those gaudy halls like a Hudson River steamboat siren. The reign of the Vanderbilts and Astors and Rockefeller and Morgans and all the other robber barons (as a recent sombrely-diverting American study of their variegated origins, careers, habits, and customs aptly called them) seems to have come to a sudden end with the flick of an enchanter's wand, fairy-tale to the last, and Beachcomber's crack, "Down to his last yacht," is coming true. Thus does Auntie Life creep up quietly behind the wildest satiric boys and land them a honey on the noggin, boffo and sockeroo.

**Meditation**

**T**HE best and truest thing ever said about American millionaires was said, oddly enough, by Anatole France, the cynical old hound: "The mercy of Almighty God is infinite; it extends even to the rich."

**Rap**

**I**F we ever wanted to take a dirty crack at the men of Devon, one of whom has been boasting loudly about Devonian modesty once again in the papers, we wouldn't remind those boys that the Spaniards and Portuguese discovered the New World long before they did. We'd go much further back to the distinguished Exeter man who made a mess of his job in the seventh century, or so it seems at times. We refer to St. Boniface, Apostle of Germany.

This energetic Devonian, slain at length by his savage parishioners, certainly did a vast deal to humanise the Blond Superman and teach him decency, apart from hewing down the Sacred Oak of Thor at Geismar with his own episcopal hands and ramming some Christian education into the thick

(Concluded on page 206)



"I've issued them each with a pike—now what?"



# Private View

## The Opening of the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition



**Mother and Daughter**

The Hon. Karis Mond went to the private view at the Academy with her mother, Lady Melchett. She is fifteen, and is Lord and Lady Melchett's only daughter.



**Sculptress**

Mrs. Clare Sheridan was there, wearing a Cossack hat. She is the well-known sculptress, traveller and author of many books, and was for a time European correspondent of the "New York World".



**New Peer**

Another visitor to the Academy on the opening day was Lord Brabazon of Tara. He was Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, former Minister of Aircraft Production, and was made a Baron this year.



**Lord Mayor**

Sir John Laurie, Lord Mayor of London, and his sister-in-law, the Lady Mayoress, arrived at Burlington House in the sunshine. Lady Laurie is the wife of Sir Percy Laurie, K.C.V.O.



**Academy Foursome**

Lord and Lady Jessel and Sir Maurice and Lady Jenks left together. Lord Jessel is an Alderman for the City of Westminster, and was twice M.P. for St. Pancras. Sir Maurice Jenks is a former Lord Mayor of London, and Lady Jenks is his second wife.



**Husband and Wife**

Lady Cowdray was wearing a white hat, and arrived at the private view with her husband. Lord Cowdray, who was a Captain in the Royal Artillery, was wounded and lost an arm at Dunkirk. The Cowdrays' second daughter was born in March.



**Hampshire's Lord Lieutenant**

Lord Mottistone went to see the pictures with Lady Mottistone. Formerly Major General Jack Seely, he was created a Baron in 1933, and has been the popular Lord Lieutenant of Hampshire since 1918.



# Standing By ...

(Continued)

Boche skull. But look at the Boche to-day, gone almost completely native! The customary Devonian excuse—we must ask Sir John Squire again—so far as we remember it is that St. Boniface tried to teach the Germans cricket, but they were such stinking cads that they turned up at the nets in frightfully badly-cut flannels, which would admittedly sicken the angels in Paradise. Cricket, which has made us what we are, could equally have made the Boches what they are, or should be. St. Boniface gave up and they never produced even a slow bowler.

## Afterthought

ANOTHER way to get a Devon man down in full song is to repeat the old historic scandal about Drake's Drum. The Virgin

Queen, who slept all over England, the tireless hag, never once slept in Drake's Drum, and why? Because Drake's Drum was full of chocolates.

## Strunage

H AJI MUHAMMAD SADIQ (how appropriate!) MUNAWAR of Lahore, India's Greatest and Most Perfect Astrologer, is the lad for our money. His "shocking and struning" forecasts, a copy of which has just come to us, make the leading Fleet Street seers, including La Belle Tabouis and Old Moore himself, look like a lot of glandered rabbits.

Earthquakes "like doomsday," epidemics "baffling the human brain," civil wars everywhere, stars colliding with the Earth, volcanic eruptions, drying-up rivers, bloody rebellions, colossal floods, famines, mass-suicides, and desolation of every description are Mr. Haji's main bill of fare for the future. By September 1969 half the world will be poison-gassed, blind, leprous, or in-

## Bruce Bairnsfather in Northern Ireland

The Creator of "Old Bill" Visits the American Army



Of course, if the terribly funny E.N.S.A. comedian doesn't translate his jokes into American, he must expect this view from the stage



"All you talk about is war!"

sane, and bigger and bigger wars will occupy the years till 2292. After these the *sadique* Mr. Haji calmly continues:—

A war will begin on Shaban 9th, 1514 A.H., and end on Rajab 4th, 1516 A.H. Another horrible war will begin on Zeqaad 10th, 1518 A.H., and another, very horrible, July 8th, 2380, which will include all of the countries of the world. These will be augmented by monthly earthquakes.

Islam will then magnificently rise and dominate more than half the globe, including Spain, and Millennium will be here. So much for The 1941 Committee and the other 6758 busy little New World planners, unless (as is quite likely) those wary boys are already growing beards and brushing up their Arabic.

## Revolt

A RATHER dull and whining letter from a citizen to a daily paper complaining of his treatment in a canteen—he gently criticised the beer and they were awfully rude to him—made us sigh for an infusion of some of the old fighting Celtic spirit into some of these meek ones.

You probably know the fine poem (from the Irish) by James Stephens beginning:—

The lanky hank of a she in the inn over there  
Nearly killed me for asking the loan of a glass  
of beer;  
May the Devil grip the whey-faced slut by the hair  
And beat bad manners out of her skin for a year.

Rising to that superb finale:—

May she marry a ghost and bear him a kitten,  
and may  
The High King of Glory permit her to get the  
mange.

That's how the Celt replies to the insolence of tyrants in pubs, putting a civil curse on them and causing them, probably, to get leprosy and to suffer no little inconvenience. The *Oxford Book of Modern Verse* rightly includes this piece, which ought to be printed in bold black type and hung in every place where beer is sold to hearten and inspire the dumbo populace.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis





## A Grandson for Lord Rothermere

Mr. Neill Cooper-Key's  
Charming Wife  
and Baby Son

Adrian Astley Vere Cooper-Key, son of Mr. Neill and the Hon. Mrs. Cooper-Key, and Viscount Rothermere's first grandchild, was born last February, and christened on April 22nd at the Royal Military Chapel, Wellington Barracks. His godparents were Major C. A. Cooper-Key, the Hon. Vere Harmsworth, Sir Francis Peek, Princess Alexandra of Greece and Miss Betty Dunn. The marriage of Mr. Neill Cooper-Key, who is in the Irish Guards, and Lorna, eldest daughter of Lord Rothermere and of Mrs. Tom Hussey, took place in January 1941. Mrs. Cooper-Key's younger sister, Esmé, was married last January to Captain Lord Errington, the Earl and Countess of Cromer's only son



Photographs by  
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

*First Portrait of Adrian and His Mother*





### Peggy van Praagh

Peggy van Praagh was previously a director and star of the London Ballet, and has only recently joined the Wells. She is an excellent demi-character dancer, with a great sense of comedy; a good technician, she has both speed and lightness. She understudies Mary Honer in "Coppelia" and doubles with her in "Les Patineurs," fouettés being one of her strong points

(Right) Joy Newton is the ballet mistress of the Wells. She is one of the original members of the Company, and, as a character dancer, plays mainly mimetic parts, such as the Queen in "Lac des Cygnes," the Princess in "Giselle" and the Queen in "The Sleeping Princess"



### Celia Franca

Celia Franca was previously a leading dancer of the Rambert Ballet. Myrtha, Queen of the Wilis, is a role admirably suited to her highly-developed sense of the dramatic and amazing lightness. She is to dance the Queen in the forthcoming Helpmann ballet of "Hamlet"



Joy Newton in "Coppelia"

## The Ballet Mistress

### Young Blood of the Saddle

Another season of ballet is in full swing, including *Dante Sonata*, *The Gods Go a-Begging*. On Tuesday, May 19th, Robert Helpmann's *Hamlet*, by Prokofiev, is to be performed for the first time. Decor and dresses are by Leslie Balfour for the theatre before. Four of the young stars of this ballet: Celia Franca as the Queen, Leo as Polonius, and David Paltenghi as the King. *Hamlet*, Margot Fonteyn Ophelia. With the original members of the Company, all the to the Wells. Despite all the difficulties of the indefatigable and untiring work of the standard of ballet, and at the same time the New Theatre in January this year, and was music, decor and of Terpsichore. Great things





### Leo Kersley

Leo Kersley was trained by Marie Rambert. His chief role so far has been in "Les Potineurs," which is one of the favourites of the Wells repertoire. It is a ballet which demands of a dancer speed and good elevation. Leo Kersley has both these assets

## and Her Pupils

### Wells Ballet Company

New Theatre with a full repertoire, *Phaëton* and *Eurydice* and *Les Rendezvous*. Ballet *Hamlet*, to the music of Tchaikovsky, and *Aid to Russia*, to the music of Mrs. Churchill's *Aid to Russia*. A young artist who has never worked before on this page will take part in *Hamlet* as the Grave-Digger, Gordon Hamilton as Robert Helpmann will, of course, play the part of *Loy Newton*, who is one of the best dancers are comparative newcomers to this Company has succeeded, owing to the help of *Valois*, in maintaining a very high standard of new work of interest and importance performed for the first time at the New Theatre. The critics as a perfect union of the talents of Helpmann's second ballet, *Hamlet*



David Paltenghi as One of the Brothers in "Comus"

### Gordon Hamilton

Gordon Hamilton was born in Australia. His earliest experience was with the First Australia Ballet. Later he trained in Paris with Egorova. In 1940 he joined the Ballet Rambert, and a year later came to the Wells. At his best in character parts, Gordon Hamilton is known for his performances as Drosselmayer and Bouffon, in "Casse Noisette" and as the Gamekeeper in "Giselle"

(Left) David Paltenghi is an artist of the more static and dramatic type, as was shown by his performances with the London Ballet Company as the Nobleman in "La Fêtes Etranges." As one of the Lady's brothers in "Comus," David Paltenghi danced his first role with the Wells. Since then he has been understudying Robert Helpmann in several roles, and will be seen as the King in "Hamlet"





Harlip

**Mrs. R. H. C. Duncan**  
The wife of Major Robert Henry Clare Duncan, R.A., joined the Red Cross soon after her marriage eighteen months ago. She was formerly Miss Frances M. Willes, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Willes, of Newbold Comyn, Leamington Spa. Major Duncan is the only son of Major-General H. C. Duncan, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., by his first wife, and a nephew of Major-General Sir John Duncan, K.C.B.



Pearl Freeman

### Mrs. Peter H. Hugo

Mrs. Hugo, another member of the V.A.D., married in April Wing Commander Peter H. Hugo, D.F.C. and Bar, a young South African fighter pilot, who came to this country to join the R.A.F. in 1938, and won his D.F.C. in the Battle of Britain. Since his marriage he has been in hospital with slight wounds received during a recent sweep, when he was rescued from a rubber dinghy a few miles from the coast. Mrs. Hugo was formerly Angela Seeds, daughter of Major and Mrs. Seeds, of Valley, Anglesey.



Swaebe

### Mrs. William Heinemann

Mrs. William Heinemann also wears the uniform of the V.A.D. She was Miss Mollie Sullivan, and is the daughter of Captain and Mrs. W. P. Sullivan, and her marriage to Mr. W. E. Heinemann took place at Chelsea Old Church in April 1940. She works for the Red Cross while her husband is on active service in the Royal Artillery.

## Women War Workers



Harlip

Lady Peek

Lady Peek trained to become a member of the V.A.D. at Guildford Hospital. She was Miss Ruby Joy Gordon Duff, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Gordon Duff, and her first husband was Sir Charles Mappin, Bt. She married last January Sir Francis Peek, Bt., who is in the Irish Guards. He was A.D.C. to Sir Charles Dundas, Governor of the Bahamas, from 1938-39.

Mrs. Peake is the wife of Air Commodore Harald Peake, R.A.F., Director of Public Relations, Air Ministry. She recently succeeded Mrs. G. M. Cooke as Commandant of the Women's Mechanised Transport Corps, of which she had previously been Assistant Commandant. Her husband, who is a brother of Mr. Osbert Peake, the Conservative M.P. for Leeds, served in the Coldstream Guards during the last war. The Peakes have one son, aged seven.



Lenat

Mrs. Harald Peake



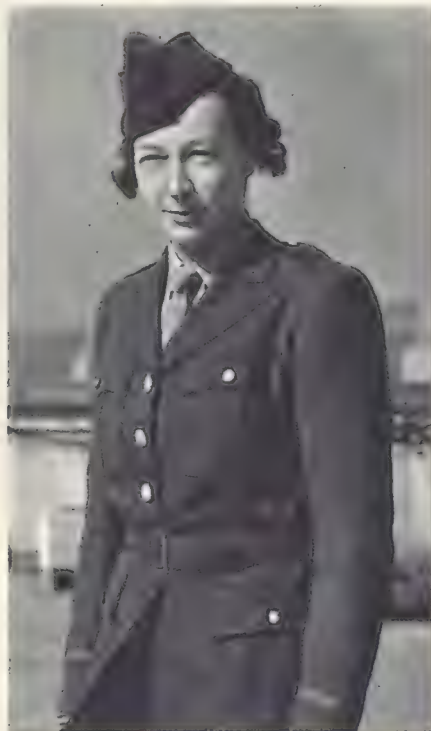
# A Variety of Uniforms

And Some Activities of Their Wearers



*Lady Irene Haig*

Lady Irene Haig, youngest of Earl Haig's three sisters, is seen wearing the new badge now issued to members of the V.A.D. who have been called up for full-time service in military hospitals



*Miss Helen Kirkpatrick*

Two women journalists who lived through the London blitzes have been formally accredited to the U.S. Army. They are Miss Helen Kirkpatrick, of the "Chicago Daily News," seen above in her uniform, and Miss Mary Welsh



*In Memory of a Famous Film Star*

An ambulance has been presented to the British Volunteer Ambulance Corps by United Artists, the film distributors. It was given as a tribute to the memory of Carole Lombard, the film star, killed in an air accident a short time ago. Above is Miss Cecily Bowman, the driver of the ambulance, who is a member of the Corps attached to the Western Command, and until recently served with a paratroop company



*A Mobile Canteen On View*

A food exhibition was held at a London hotel by the W.V.S. in conjunction with the East Sussex Education authorities. One of the exhibits, a mobile canteen serving hot meals, was inspected by Lady Louis Mountbatten, Mrs. E. Wallace, and Mrs. Randolph Churchill, daughter-in-law of the Prime Minister



*A Show of Hospital Supplies*

An exhibition of hospital supplies and knitted garments for the Services, made by the Holmbury St. Mary branch of the Central Supply Service, was held by the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness at Holmbury House. In the picture are Mrs. Hodson, organiser for the West Surrey headquarters, the Hon. Mrs. Ernest Guinness, and Lady Bennett, O.B.E., regional officer for the area





### Prisoner of War

The Hon. Patrick Butler, who is a Lieutenant in the Irish Guards, was taken prisoner by the Germans in May 1940. He is the only son of Lord and Lady Dunboyne, and was born in 1917



### Secretaries and the Judge

At the Pony Club Hunter Trials at Knebworth, Herts, Miss Jean Anstruther, and Miss Alison Saunders, the two lady secretaries of the club, were photographed with the judge, Mr. R. S. Summerhays. Proceeds of the trials went to Red Cross funds



### Leslie Howard's Daughter Marries

Miss Leslie Ruth Howard, seventeen-year-old daughter of Leslie Howard, famous film-star, producer and director, was married on May 2nd at Wootton, near Dorking. The bridegroom, Captain Daleharris, of Toronto, Canada, is in the Royal Canadian Artillery. Leslie Howard and his daughter played together in "The First of the Few," the film which he also produced and directed

# Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

### Japan's Vulnerability, by a Jap

THE following excerpt from an appreciation by Mr. Nakamura, a Japanese writer in 1931, who obviously knew what he was talking about, may be of some interest at the moment:—

It would be within the power of a superior naval opponent to strangle our commerce and cut off our supplies without sending a single ship into the Sea of Japan. . . . Many of our great commercial and naval harbours would be open to attack, and the enemy, being well informed as to our resources, would know in what direction to concentrate his efforts. On the Pacific coast, the capital of Tokyo, the huge entrepôt of Yokohama and the naval arsenal of Yokosuka would lie open to the visitations of hostile flying-machines. Osaka, the heart of our national industry, would not be beyond an enemy's reach, and the swarming industrial hives of Kyushu would present him with innumerable targets. Our coast defences, submarines and torpedo-boats might be able to prevent the near approach of hostile armourclads, but they could do nothing against an invading air fleet. The sole defence against this form of attack is a battle fleet of sufficient power to sweep the outer seas and make it impossible for the enemy to send out his aircraft-carrying vessels. Sea power and air power have already become synonymous terms.

Can this furnish any explanation of the unknown situation of the main Japanese battle fleet?

### Convulsive Therapy

THIS, we are told by eminent medical authority, belongs to the order of physical remedies which have been found to answer so well when applied to people who are what is popularly called "nuts." Until this pronouncement, no one seems to have thought of the late cut or the leg-glide as a cure for battiness, or of a yorker either, for that matter. I am afraid that I do not know enough about golf to suggest any stroke which might be calculated to benefit the loony, but from what little I have been able to glean from the pictorial representations of that ancient game, there would seem to be

a vast number of situations which drive the performers demented.

### The Classic Situation

IT reminds me of nothing so much as that one which caused a racing celebrity, known to so many of us in the happy, piping times of peace, as "Ananias" Smith, to remark: "Fourteen blinkin' captains ridin' and all of 'em tryin'! 'Ow can you bet?'" For the information of those too young ever to have encountered this hero, it is stated that he always liked to be in the money and no "ifs," and to have a finger in any pie that might be about to be put in the oven. The first two classics are now upon us and we find ourselves in almost the same quandary as "Ananias." The prophets give us little assistance; in fact, they bemuse us. Watling Street, even in spite of a recent quite good performance, "they" say, must not be trusted, because he kicked his boy off at exercise, and that this shows that he has not discarded his Middle Park Stakes waywardness (one that won't play-up occasionally is rarely much good, and riding as short as they do nowadays, it does not take much to shift them); Umballa, Lord Derby's other colt, "they" say, may not be as good class as it is necessary he should be, because his papa Umidwar is not "classic" (Umballa, incidentally, has just beaten Hyperides, who, "they" said, was the acid test). Unless I have forgotten any Urdu I used to know, an Umidwar was something of a trier; anyway, isn't this rather a case of visiting the defects of a former generation upon the present one? The only other time Umballa has been out this season, he was only beaten a length by High Command, after spreading a plate. Try how well you can run or walk if the heel is off one of your shoes and then reduce it to the terms of this performance.

### More Doubts

HIS MAJESTY'S Big Game, "they" say, may not be anything better than a sprinter. He has just won, with his ears cocked, over seven furlongs. How do "they" or we know



### A Royal Canadian Army Service Corps Unit in England

Lieuts. D. D. Ledingham, J. Y. Rowe, H. N. Cleworth, Major J. R. W. T. Bessonette, Captain J. C. Wilson, Lieuts. F. B. Perrott, E. R. Edwards, T. W. Kerr





D. R. Stuart

### Lieut.-Colonel and Major

Lieut.-Colonel T. R. Reid, M.C., served in the Machine Gun Corps in the last war, and in the 60th Rifles, and has seen active service in the present one. With him is Major M. P. E. Harrison, who was in the Royal Flying Corps from 1914 to 1918, and is now in the Buffs

at the moment? On the book he is a pound or so better than Watling Street. It is true that he had nothing to beat at Salisbury.

Ujiji has not, so far, been condemned; but then he has recently beaten his Majesty's crack filly, Sun Chariot, who never tried a yard of the way at Salisbury, and was thinking of anything but racing. As to the other "ladies," "they" do not particularly like Mah Iran after her letting them down in the Severals Stakes. She started at 11 to 8 on, so there is some reason for her unpopularity. Equipoise, Lord Derby's filly, only won by a neck from Lord Rosebery's Afterthought over seven furlongs at Newmarket. Sonabai, the other lady of fashion, was unplaced, when well backed, so, perhaps, her reputation is also a bit besmirched. However, if Sun Chariot is still considered a Jezebel, in spite of her recent (May 2nd) win at Salisbury, they are as likely to back Lord Derby's luck in the One Thousand as they are to do anything else—and the stable is in such terrific form that this will be quite justifiable. My own humble opinion still is that if Sun Chariot has calmed down she will lose the whole fleet of them in the One Thousand, and also in the Oaks or the Derby, whichever

may be selected. If she has not regained her composure, and she may not have done so, then we must wait till the autumn and the Leger!

### Sailor and Soldier Too

FROM General H.Q. Middle East I have just received some information which is bound to be of interest to the Warwickshire Hunt. It is about the "little Admiral of Kington" who was for some time joint-secretary of that famous establishment, was always jumping the biggest places he could find and never on any patent-safety kind of steed. How Admiral of the Fleet Sir Walter Cowan managed it I do not pretend to know, but as soon as the real scrapping in Libya started; he managed to ship himself with a Commando as a supernumerary of some sort, got into all that happened at Tobruk, and finally linked up with the 18th Cavalry I.A., which, I gather, cannot then have been mechanised or they would not have appealed to the Admiral. Like most sailors, I have met, you can't keep him away from a horse! I suppose that it is the roll, bowl and pitch of the sea which is accountable for this. Anyway, there it is, and there he is—soldiering! It is not the first time that he has done it, for he got on to K's Staff in the South African show, and later, on to Lord Roberts's as a naval A.D.C., and he has seen every kind of sea fight that has been on offer. He has always been as brave as a whole cageful of lions. Here is the letter from an officer on the staff of the C.-in-C. Middle East, whose name I am afraid Service restrictions do not permit me to divulge:—

The Tattler of December 24th has just come in, and with it your reference to the 'little Admiral who lives at Kington.' It may interest you to know that Sir Walter is rapidly becoming a legendary figure in this part of the world. He came out last year with a Commando (completely supernumerary), and finished up in Tobruk, where he spent five months during the time that the Stukas appeared regularly five or six times a day. He then attached himself to the 18th (King Edward's) Cavalry, and has been with them ever since: everyone in the desert and, indeed, in the whole Middle East, knows of him as "the 18th's Admiral," and the British Cavalry regiments are jealous as hell! I was fortunate enough to meet him at lunch the other day, and he was just the same as ever, wearing khaki battle-dress with Commander's rings and four rows of ribbons. Rising seventy-two, and with all the spirit in the world, living, to put it mildly, a most uncomfortable life, all for the fun of the thing! We all look forward to "Pictures in the Fire" and to regimental references therein: a breath of England means a lot when the regiment has been here for nearly eight years.



### Admiral and Flag Lieutenant

Admiral Sir Percy Noble, C.-in-C., Western Approaches, makes use of an aeroplane in order to visit every part of his widespread Command. With him in the picture is Lieut. Wellby, R.N.V.R., who combines the duties of the Admiral's personal pilot with those of Flag Lieutenant

### Wanted, a Man?

AT the end of a recent engrossing discourse in the *Evening News* upon the White Paper, which purported to show that the chief of a combined General Staff had in effect been created, General Sir Douglas Brownrigg said: "In my view, he should be a super-soldier-sailor-airman rolled into one. If that man can be found, here is the job waiting for him."

But isn't the obvious man sticking out several yards?

### Not so Madagascar

LORD WINSTER says that we have got to hurry. We have no time to be late and tying shoelaces does waste it. In case the reference is not understood, here is the story. There was a man who was never in time for anything, and in the end they got very tired of him. One of his critics observed him bending over doing something or other when he ought to have been getting forward at top speed; so he fetched him the most appalling kick on the appropriate target. The man, pink with indignation, said: "What did you do that for? I was *only* tying my shoelace!" "I know," said the other, "but you are *always* tying your shoelace!"



### Some Officer Prisoners of War

The names of the officers in this group taken in a prison camp in Germany are: Majors Lyons, Pelham-Burn, Poole, Levleive, Tyrell, Mackenzie, Gray, Denehey, Arden, Shaw-Mackenzie of Neuchall, Captain Morgan, Majors Stephens and Shaw. Major Shaw-Mackenzie was in command of a Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders



### Officers of an R.A.F. Station

D. R. Stuart

Front row: Flt. Lieuts. J. Appleton, T. A. Purdie, Adjutant, Lieut.-Colonel W. Reid, Group Captain S. L. G. Pope, A.F.C., D.F.C., Sq. Ldr. J. Brockett, Flt. Lieut. S. R. Woodcock, Plt. Off. C. A. Barber. Back row: Plt. Offs. L. W. John, R. D. Waterhouse, C. Van Nievelt, Fly. Offs. E. L. Tottenham, R. Beesley, B. B. Gillis, Flt. Lieut. H. M. Elliot, Plt. Off. C. B. Symington



# With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

## Portrait of an Englishman

WHILE this war is still upon us, dare we even begin to count our losses? That depends, I feel, in what spirit we make the count. Mr. Winston Churchill's Preface to *Ronald Cartland*, by his sister, Barbara Cartland (Collins; 12s. 6d.), suggests the light in which this life should be read, and in which this death should be seen:

Ronald Cartland was a man of noble spirit, who followed his convictions without thought of personal advancement. At a time when our political life had become feckless and dull, he spoke fearlessly for Britain. His words and acts were instinct with the sense of our country's traditions and duty. His courage and bearing inspired those who met him or heard him.

Fortunately, this country has not lacked men prepared to spend their lives in its service. Ronald Cartland was one of these. On May 30th, 1940, when he was killed fighting with the rearguard of the British Expeditionary Force during its retreat to Dunkirk, the Army and the House of Commons suffered a grievous loss. Those who read this book will realise that this is true. They will also derive from it a renewed assurance that the way of life for which he fought will certainly prevail and persist because of the striving and sacrifices of such men as he.

Once, a broken column, in marble, was used to commemorate a man who had died in the prime of life. For Ronald Cartland one would think, rather, of the symbol being a broken arch. And yet this seems wrong, for himself he did not believe that a man could complete himself in this world.

When he fell in France he was not, in years, even yet in the prime of life: he was thirty-three. But he had shown more than "promise"; his powers had developed while he was young. In fact, in the great sense they were young powers—courage, vision, vitality—but they were ruled by a judgment curiously mature. Yet in no way—I feel from reading this book—was Ronald Cartland precocious. It was, more, that though essentially English, he did not suffer from that defect of too many Englishmen—delayed growth. Though very much a man of his own day, he seems also to belong to an earlier epoch—the late eighteenth century, the Elizabethan—when men, even Englishmen, grew up more quickly and were ready to play their parts in the world young.

It is evident that his father's death (also in France, in the last war) was a kind of call, as well as a grief, to him while he was still a boy at a preparatory school. His father's and mother's young married life had been made arduous by the sudden loss of their fortune: Captain Cartland had to some extent repaired this disaster and had been hoping to enter politics when the 1914 war came. Ronald was not slow to respond to his mother's suggestion that he should take up where his father had

left off: this idea, seldom leaving his mind, must have been one great factor of his maturity.

## Destination

At three, in the nursery, he had played at "politics," making speeches to an only vaguely attentive nurse, then hopefully providing his own applause. Miss Cartland gives, in this opening scene, the first of her many delightful Cartland interiors. Amerie Court, Pershore, that converted farmhouse of mixed bluntness and grace, set in orchards by which the family lived, had to be given up after Captain Cartland's death, but Mrs. Cartland created, in London or in the country, a series of homes in which her three children were happy, from which they were always sorry to be away.

In fact, apart from its other aspects, Miss Barbara Cartland's book is the story of English family life at its happiest. A particular and inimitable atmosphere breathes from the simply-described scenes, from the letters. And it is owing to Ronald Cartland's untroubled confidence in and intimacy with his mother and sister that an inside portrait of this otherwise very reserved man can be given, now, to the world. Reserved he must have been—he loathed displays of emotion; he combated, as unseemly, his attacks of depression; there is something temperate (and, therefore, the more genuine) about the quality of the many friendships of which we catch glimpses throughout this book.

From the youth inspired by the idea of politics, Miss Cartland lets us see emerge the active young politician—Conservative Member for King's



Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale *Yevonde*

Mrs. Hugh McCorquodale, well known as Barbara Cartland, the novelist, has just published a biography of her brother, Major Ronald Cartland, M.P., for which the Prime Minister has written the foreword. Major Cartland, who was killed in May 1940, while fighting with the rearguard of the B.E.F. in France, was one of Mr. Churchill's enthusiastic supporters and associates before the war. Mrs. McCorquodale is a Junior Commander in the A.T.S., and has been doing welfare work for the troops in Bedfordshire for over a year.

Norton at twenty-nine. Before this, there had been a difficult, testing period of uncertainty (not as to the end in view, but as to how to attain it), of money troubles, of ill health caused by two accidents. For years Ronald Cartland had worked at political ideas that he saw no immediate prospect of putting into effect. His religion, a profound and living force in him, made him at once an idealist and a realist. When, in the autumn of 1935, he took his place in the House of Commons, he knew already what he must say and do. He was to face and grapple with problems that, prominent in his own constituency, were also the problems of industrial England in that already very difficult time.

Special Areas—housing—unemployment—labour conditions—in his demands for reform with regard to these Ronald Cartland, the young Conservative, might be said to have stolen the Socialist thunder. Of his own party's policy, in internal or external affairs, he was a dauntless and energetic critic, without fear of jeopardising his own career. In 1938 he rode full tilt against Appeasement. "I say frankly as a Tory that I believe that in all questions of foreign policy—or indeed of any policy, but particularly foreign policy—right should always come before expediency, whether it be dangerous, difficult or foolhardy."

He felt, in the England of his day, the pressing need for leadership: the good faith he never doubted in

## CARAVAN CAUSERIE

I HAVE an intense admiration for the Scots housewife. In fact, I

secretly believe that, without Scotswomen, Scotsmen would merely be left swinging their kilts and blowing their bagpipes. Scotswomen are such home-makers and they make them without the least publicity. Indeed, it seems to me, you have to get right into the heart of Scotland to realise how much of Scotland's greatness and dependability are due to the mother in the home. They take their job seriously, and, after all, home-making is a very serious job indeed. It is, as it were, the pivot upon which the whole world spins; or, if it snaps, disintegrates into mere theories of living. Especially it demands that often most thankless human virtue—the virtue of giving.

And when I write "thankless," I mean—well, have you never noticed that when at long last the giver ceases for a moment to give, all the receivers, after they have recovered from their shocked astonishment, feel themselves terribly aggrieved? In the same way as a man who, let us say, for three-score years has led a blameless life, and suddenly falls from grace; whereupon the world forgets completely the blameless years, rejoicing subconsciously in the fact of his shame. Which is strange, because there is always great rejoicing over, even a belief in, the sinner who for one instant surprisingly turns away from his past conduct.

Naturally, the unselfish are profoundly appreciated—when they are dead. Even

By Richard King

when they are alive the receivers would die for them, though they wouldn't bother to help them over a stile—not, that is, if it would be to their advantage to get over first! Unselfishness is probably its own reward, and it must go on to the end—if it is to avoid a moment of uproar among its beneficiaries, a tumult of pained astonishment.

You see, so very few people can keep to the rules of the Christian game in the face of prolonged and unstinted kindness. We can get spoiled just as easily when we are older as when we are young; unless, of course, we have suffered very deeply and for a very long time in the interval. Sorrow does, at any rate, make us appreciative, especially of the virtues which, though unsung, make the world go round far more smoothly than most of those which alone are expected to get us straightaway into heaven.

Maybe the unselfish realise this and are happy. Maybe the thought compensates them somewhat for the smile-hidden realisation that, though appreciated posthumously, they are taken for granted at the moment. Maybe it is more blessed to give than to receive, even though a return in consideration is more lovely than any gift. Certainly a happy home, which necessitates someone being unselfish, and cannot be founded on any other virtue, should make the angels feel content. And Scotland, it seems to me, is particularly full of happy homes.



# Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



**Woodward — Holdsworth**

Squadron Leader Peter Robert Woodward, D.F.C., younger son of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Woodward, of Todwick, near Sheffield, married Aileen Jean Holdsworth, W.A.A.F., only daughter of Captain and Mrs. J. E. Holdsworth, of Sarisberie, Warboys Road, Kingston Hill, at St. John's Church, Kingston Vale



**Watts — Webster**

Douglas Watts, 27th Lancers, son of Mr. Joseph Watts, of The Towers, Earl Shilton, Leicester, and Alwyn Joy Webster, daughter of Major N. E. Webster, of Bindcliffe Edge, Sheffield, were married at All Saints' Church, Eccleshall



**Barker — Brodrick**

Capt. Charles Norman Barker, Gordon Highlanders, second son of the late George Guyse Barker, and Mrs. Guyse Barker, of Thornville, Deganny, North Wales, married Joan Sibyl Brodrick, younger daughter of Brigadier William le Couter Brodrick, of Beechworth, Longniddry, East Lothian



**Wheeler — Frearson**

Anthony Oliver Wheeler, 23rd Hussars, younger son of Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Wheeler, of Knighton Rise, Leicester, and Cecilia Mary Frearson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Frearson, of Cropston, Leicestershire, were married at All Saints' Church, Thurgaston



**Sidey — Stanley**

Major Charles L. Sidey, R.E., only son of the late James W. Sidey, and of Mrs. Sidey, of Longcroft, Rotherfield, married Mrs. Marjorie Beatrice Stanley, of Porlock, Somerset, at St. Denys Church, Rotherfield. She is the only child of the late Alexander R. Booth, and Mrs. Booth, and widow of Captain E. A. V. Stanley, J.P.



**Scott — Howard**

Lieut. Peter Scott, R.N.V.R., son of the late Captain Scott, and of Lady Kennet, of the Dene, and Elizabeth Jane Howard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Howard, of the Beacon, Staplecross, East Sussex, were married at Christ Church, Lancaster Gate



**Dunlop — Arbuthnot**

Major Roy Dunlop, The Derbyshire Yeomanry, was married to Sheila Gertrude Tollemache Arbuthnot, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. H. Arbuthnot, of the Old Malt House, Yapton, Sussex, at Yapton Church



**Simmonds — Grant**

Peter W. A. Simmonds, Royal Horse Artillery, of St. Peter's, Brading, I.O.W., was married to Heather A. C. Grant, of Penarth, Ganghill, Guildford (formerly of Thames Ditton), at Christ Church, London Road, Guildford



**Wykeham-Martin — Sheffield**

Captain C. P. Wykeham-Martin, R.E., of Bourne End, Bucks., was married at St. Saviour's Church, Wallon Street, to Barbara Sheffield, of Carlisle



## SOCIAL ROUND-ABOUT

(Continued from page 201)

Moisewitch was being asked about his recital, which had not then taken place; band leaders were represented by Mr. and Mrs. Carroll Gibbons and Gerald, a keen first-nighter; Mr. Billie Chappell was in battle-dress; Mr. Godfrey Winn darted about with perennial liveliness.

Stanley Holloway as the Great George Lashbourn was a high spot of the evening, and he and Leslie Henson were very funny in a sketch called "Fate." Douglas Byng completed a trio of comedians whose popularity is well-tried, and Dorothy Dickson is nostalgic too. She looked delightful in a Russian sketch, "A Story of the Steppes," the English idea of typical Russia, with lots of noise and colour, very well done and dressed (by Stern), with an excellent lyric by Anna Bull,

### R.A.F. Party

THE R.A.F. turned up in full force to celebrate Captain C. Renton Coomber's birthday party at Grosvenor House. Captain Coomber is very closely connected with the supply of collapsible dinghies and barrage balloons to the R.A.F. Squadron Leader P. Ritchie, the author of *Fighter Pilot*, was there with his wife; so was Wing Commander Geoffrey Aspe, Group Captain McEvoy, O.B.E., who was in command of the Polish Fighter Squadron, and Wing Commander John Simpson, D.F.C., and bar, who has thirteen enemy planes to his credit to date. The news that one of the guests, Squadron Leader Barry Heath, D.F.C., had become a father during the party gave an extra excuse for celebration. One of Captain Coomber's most distinguished guests was Squadron Leader George Yankovitch, who holds the Polish V.C. and M.C., and the British D.F.C. and two bars. He is the only Polish officer to command an English Fighter Squadron.

### People

MISS VALERIE WHITE, who does the killing in *Get a Load of This*, was lunching at the May Fair with Hugh Burden, who plays the part of Flying Officer John Glyn-Haggard in the film *One of Our Aircraft is Missing*. Miss White, who is the very attractive blonde daughter of a naval commander, has had an exciting life, having played all through the Bristol "blitzes," and been arrested in Hungary when, on a cycling tour, she bought a wooden hatbox in Vienna with the name of a dressmaker, Anna Ertl, on it. She was arrested at the Hungarian frontier because the name on the box was different from her own on her passport, but the traditional handsome young Hungarian Count turned up to get her out of trouble. This is her first London part.

Others lunching in the hotel were Mrs. Eion Merry, who was Miss Jean Crichton, up from Lucknam Park with her young daughter Davina, who promises to be as pretty as her mother. Also Miss Bettie Greenish, lunching with Lord Selsdon, and Mr. Dalton, President of the Board of Trade, and Miss Valerie Hobson, very busy with her Tanks for Russia Fund.

Lady Jane Bray was staying in the hotel; also General and Mrs. Courage, Lady Buchanan-Jardine, Lady Moray from Darnaway Castle, in Morayshire, with her daughters; Wing Commander Pickard ("F" for Freddie), with his attractive wife; Squadron Leader Learoyd, V.C., up for his brother's wedding; Squadron Leader Nettleton, the famous South African V.C.; and Lord Bingley.



### Auctioning the Jewels at the Red Cross Sale

Mrs. Philip Hill, who is chairman of the Jewels and Gems Committee of the Duke of Gloucester's Red Cross and St. John Fund, auctioned three of Princess Beatrice's gifts to the sale. The auctioneer herself bought two of the gifts, a brooch with the initial "A" in diamonds, which was probably given by the Prince Consort to Queen Victoria in commemoration of the 1851 Exhibition, and a gold watch which Queen Victoria and Prince Albert gave to the Duchess of Kent on her birthday. The inside of the watch is inscribed; "To dear Mama, from her affectionate children Victoria R. and Albert, 17 August, 1857"

## WITH SILENT FRIENDS

(Continued from page 214)

the mass of the people seemed to him to need focus, rallying-point. The build of his own nature already fitted him for the leader's role. Young people, and people young in their energy, instinctively trusted and followed him. For her picture of the public life of her brother, Miss Barbara Cartland has drawn facts and dates from his diaries, and she wisely uses his words to express his views. Letters, speeches, addresses to his constituents, articles that he wrote for the Press supply her material.

Yes, Miss Cartland's work has been well and worthily done, and the result is inspiring. Ronald Cartland lived long enough to make manifest a consistent political idea. He has left this behind him. The tribute we can most fitly pay him is to see that his ideal does not lapse. He should be not only remembered, but still followed by everybody who has England at heart. From lovers of England someone must come forward to take up the work from which he was called away.

### Living Pictures

MR. GODFREY WINN'S *The Hour Before the Dawn* (Collins; 6s.) is a very worthy sequel to his *On Going to the Wars*. His kind of writing is of great value now; it is a vivid transcript of the experiences of British fighters, not only in the Forces, but upon every front. He has shared the adventures of which he writes.

The first part (or "Act One") of *The Hour Before the Dawn* is about men at sea. In corvettes on convoy, tugs, submarines, destroyers, Mr. Winn has not only made one of the men in danger, but combatted (which rouses, for personal reasons, my admiration as much as anything) his own incurable sea-sickness. The chapters called "No Time to Grab a Harp," and "S.O.S. from Hell's Corner" haunt my imagination.

Act Two deals with the Air Force—the men's training, their settings-off (the symphony, in the dark of the airfield, of the engines of bombers ready to start), their off times, their talk. Mr. Winn's power of sympathy and the susceptible quickness of his imagination make him seem to be each airman of whom he writes. Here, too, he has shared experience. There is, for instance, a fine description of a daylight sweep over Occupied Territory. And myself I had not thought, till I read "The Balloon Goes Up," of some aspects of the vigil at the ground end of the cables of our sentinel balloons.

Act Three contains chapters moving and various—a visit to the lighthouse on the Mull of Kintyre, to St. Dunstan's Hospital, where the blinded men, by the sound of their own whistling, sustain themselves through their bad times, to the night shift at work in a factory, to a maternity hospital, to ruined St. Thomas's. There is a through-the-night lorry drive from London to Leeds, and from the engine-driver's cabin one gets a new angle on the night train undeterred by a blitz. In an A.R.P. hospital we see the surgeons at work making new faces and hands. . . . This is a book not only to read, but to buy: the royalties go to the King George Fund for Sailors.

### Crime Club Ladies

THE Crime Club is doing us proud this month. Miss Agatha Christie, with *The Body in the Library* (Collins; 8s. 6d.); and Miss Conyth Little, with *The Black Shrouds* (same publisher; 7s. 6d.), both figure. I must say that the so-called gentler sex continues to consolidate its position with regard to stories of violence. Women seem to be good at noting the subtleties by which people (in these cases, murderers) do in the long run give themselves away. In *The Body in the Library* (which opens with an exceedingly funny dialogue between the blameless couple in whose house an anonymous corpse is found), the effective detective is a woman—that gentle spinster, Miss Marple, whom we have met before. Though admirers may miss Poirot, this is an excellent Christie—containing lifelike pictures of English village and seaside hotel life.

Miss Conyth Little must be accumulating admirers at the rate she deserves. As a narrator she conceals cunning behind an apparently haphazard naïvete. (This last book's predecessors have been *The Black Gloves*, *Black Corridors*, *The Black Paw*.) Just as there is a deliberate resemblance in titles, there is a deliberate resemblance in heroines. And, for some reason, this comes off triumphantly: one grows fonder and fonder of Conyth Little types—blatant young girls who chain-smoke, infuriate elder people and young men and remain for hours relaxing in hot baths in murder-stricken establishments. Blonde, dark or red-headed, but always, as I say, blab, these young persons, who tell their stories in the first person, sail blandly in and out of horrors and scrapes. In *The Black Shrouds*, the scene is a New York boarding-house. Diana's papa, who can peas up-State, comes to town to support his daughter, and suffers much. The tension is high, the situations are eerie, and the mystery holds to the last page.

### Let This Not Be

"I, JAMES BLUNT," by H. V. Morton (Methuen; 6d.), is a thin and terrible book you had probably better read. It is in diary form—the diary of a decent British tradesman living, in 1944, in a German-occupied England after a total defeat caused by British lethargy. You see the Gestapo—and its agents, a few local rats paying off grudges—at work in an English small town. You see—and hear about—other things. If you find these things too painful to read about, remember what they might be like to live through. Mr. Morton does not write merely to harrow. He writes to remind us of all we must not lose.





Two of our New Season's printed crêpe dresses. Left: softly shirred bodice and full skirt in navy/white; red/white; gold/white; saxe/white. Right: Spot and scroll design with two gathered panels in front in black/pink; navy/white; pink/white.

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Never must it be overlooked that good looks and good morale go hand in hand. Although beauty preparations may be difficult to obtain, there are many ways in which economy may be practised. For instance, Yardley's advocate refills. They have an interesting collection for their specialities; the original containers last indefinitely. Some are portrayed on the left of this page. There are refills for talc, rouge, powder, lipstick, and for men the shaving-stick refill. By using these the cost is thereby lessened. Everything which is produced by this firm is made of the best ingredients procurable. They still have small quantities of Lavender and Eau de Cologne—so refreshing in the sick-room



Jays of Regent Street have departed from their usual custom and are showing a number of tailored suits which are endowed with the same characteristics but different in minor details; hence there is something to suit every type of figure. The model above consists of a short coat and dress and is a study in grey. Pleats are permissible on skirts until the present stocks are exhausted. Check skirts accompany plain coats and vice versa. It seems almost unnecessary to add that the tailoring and cut are excellent



## THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

### BY M. E. BROOKE

Percy Vickery, 245, Regent Street, is warmly to be congratulated on the furs that he has assembled in his salon. They are notable on account of their hard-wearing qualities. There are a few decorative furs which, when worn with a dress that has lost its first youth, give it a new lease of life. The finger-length coat on the left is of white dyed Arctic fox. A decidedly wartime coat is of blended musquash which is very light in weight. Then there are those of musquash flank and baby seal, and just a few dyed ermine. A fact that cannot be made too widely known is that Mr. Vickery is very successful with remodelling





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## BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

Stories from Everywhere

THERE was silence, save for the scratching of pens, for an examination was in progress.

Suddenly the eye of the examiner caught a student who was studying his watch with more than usual interest.

"Smith," said the watcher, "I will have a look at your timepiece, if you please."

With a worried look on his face, Smith handed over the watch. The other opened it, and saw pasted across the dial a tiny slip of paper bearing the laconic legend: "Fooled."

Smith was allowed to resume his work, but the examiner kept an eye on him and soon he thought fit to have another look at his watch.

But this time he did not go for the face. He opened the back instead. And there, sure enough, he found a small folded paper. Examining it eagerly, he read: "Fooled again!"

NURSE had occasion to visit Johnny's mother. When she left Johnny was the not very proud brother of twins. This did not please him at all; he felt his nose was put out of joint.

Some time later Johnny's parents moved to another district, and shortly after Nurse came across Johnny on his way to school.

"Hallo, young man," she said, "have you come to live here?"

"Yes," said Johnny, "but I'm not showing you which is our house this time."



"Coo! If it ain't 't' spitting image of Aunt Aggie's 'earthrug.'"

THE following, taken from a petty cashbook is surely the world's shortest novel:

Advert. for typist, 2s.; typist's salary, £2; flowers, 5s.; chocolates, 7s. 6d.; typist's salary, £3; sweets for wife, 1s.; Winnie's salary, £4; dinner and theatre for Winnie and self, £10; fur coat for wife, £150; advert. for male typist, 2s.

THE pedlar was doing his best to sell something to the grim-faced woman.

"Now, here's something," he said. "It's a bottle o' poison for beetles. Every old house suffers from them, and every lady hates 'em. Here's the cure. Just a drop of this poison on them and they're dead."

"But when I want to kill them," replied the unlikely customer briefly, "I just put my foot on them."

"Yes," replied the pedlar in a resigned voice, "that's quite a good way, too."

"I don't like the look of that pretty maid you engaged, John," said his wife, so I discharged her this afternoon."

"Without giving her a chance?" asked her husband in a shocked voice.

"No; without giving you a chance," was the grim reply.

"Do you mean to say?" asked the magistrate in a shocked voice, "that you stood by and let your wife be brutally assaulted by a footpad without rendering any help?"

"Well, I didn't think he needed any help!" replied the man in the witness box.

THE temperance lecturer had warmed to his subject.

"Who has the most money to spend?" he thundered. "The publican. Who runs around in a fine car? The publican. Who has fine fur coats? The publican's wife. And who pays for all these? You, my friends, you."

A short time later a man and woman stopped the lecturer in the street and thanked him for his advice.

The lecturer looked extremely gratified. "I am indeed glad," he said, "that you have given up the evils of drink."

"Oh, no, we haven't done that," was the smiling reply, "we've bought a pub!"

THE regimental wit looked down at the tiny carrot which had been included in his portion of boiled beef.

"What's this?" he asked. "The thin edge of the veg., I presume."

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**Back Room Strategy**

As marriages are made in heaven, so higher strategy is made in public houses. The objective critic cannot help noticing that British bombing raids are growing more and more like what the much derided armchair strategists have been saying they ought to be from the beginning.

It is re-asserted by the Secretary of State for Air that there is no change in our bombing policy. Rostock and Lubeck might not agree. Certainly the *Völkischer Beobachter* does not agree. It devotes nearly two columns on the main page to myself, heading the article: "An open letter to the Hon. Major Oliver Stewart," an elevation (suggested to the Germans perhaps by their brothers-in-arms the hon. Japanese) which I have always desired and for which I am duly grateful.

I am touchingly depicted by the German writer as standing watching a procession of coffins containing the bodies of those killed by Royal Air Force raids and I am asked if I realise how much guilt attaches to me for bringing about these deaths.

**Intelligence**

It appears that the German writer actually believes that my criticisms have influenced the Air Staff to alter their tactics and to bomb people rather than things, cities rather than isolated objectives, repetitively rather than desultorily.

But it also appears that I am (on the wireless) the "official Air Ministry spokesman." This puts me in a most awkward position. The combined intelligence departments of the War Office and the Home Office did not even know—until I told them—that I write about aviation or had any interest in it. They did not even know (for apparently the task of turning up their Army lists was too much for them) that I was ever in the Royal Flying Corps. Yet the Germans have known from the beginning that I write about aviation and that I was in the R.F.C. and the R.A.F. They have said so hundreds of times in their radio talks; they have repeated it in their newspapers.

Only our own Intelligence Departments were in

# AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

the dark. So I begin to wonder whether I am in truth the "official Air Ministry spokesman," and whether the Germans, once again forestalling our own sleuths, have discovered the fact before the Air Ministry itself!

For me it would be an honourable novelty to be an official spokesman. And the writer of the *Völkischer Beobachter* rather contradicts himself when he says in one place that my criticisms have been responsible for a change in bombing policy, and in another that I am an official Air Ministry spokesman. For the two can hardly go together.

**Making Bombs Work**

To make words work is one definition of good writing; to make bombs work is a definition of effective bombing. In order to make them work, to get the greatest possible effect on the enemy for every pound weight dropped, many things have to be taken into account.

But the German 1940-41 method of splash bombing of cities—a method they have never really departed from—does probably reduce the bomb wastage. Of fewer bombs can it then be said: "damage was slight and there were no casualties."

It was the much abused and greatly despised "armchair strategist," the "amateur tactician," the "fireside critic," who saw clearly the limitations of bombs and who realised that unless they are used in big concentrations, repeatedly and against the more vulnerable kinds of targets, they are apt to produce almost no results.

In those early days we were dispersing our slender bomber forces over many targets and doing—as we now think—only limited damage to any of them. Today big forces concentrate on few targets and blow them to bits.

**Vapour Trails**

In my paper *Aeronautics* I had the opportunity of printing the other day an exclusive photograph showing vapour trails actually in the course of formation over the tail of a high-flying Lockheed Hudson. To the best of my belief the photograph is unique, for I have never seen any other camera record of this process whereby aeroplanes write their signatures in the sky. It was a subject which interested many people at the time of the air battles over Britain.

Since publishing the photograph I have heard from Mr. Geoffrey de Havilland Junior touching the process of formation of these vapour trails. He distinguishes two different kinds; first the trails arising from adiabatic (constant heat content; changing pressure and temperature) cooling of the air to below its dew-point. Such trails, Mr. de Havilland says, are short and are not readily observed from the ground, and these trails are not "permanent." Second the exhaust or so-called "permanent" trails which were such a familiar sight over London and the Southern Counties during the autumn of 1940. Under favourable conditions these trails will stretch for many miles and will remain in the form of cirrus for several hours.

The formation of such trails, Mr. de Havilland goes on, is dependent chiefly on an ultra low air temperature, when this air is therefore capable of holding only a very small amount of moisture. If this air then be saturated or very nearly so, the addition to it, from an aircraft's exhaust, of extra water vapour, which has its derivation in the fuel, will immediately cause this water vapour to condense and freeze into ice crystals. Hence the "whiteness" of the trail is due to reflected light from the ice particles.

This seems to me the most accurately observed account of the formation of these trails, and as so many people are interested in them and in how they are created I have thought it of interest to give Mr. de Havilland's views in full.

The curious thing is that the older, slower machines never, or very rarely, seemed to form these trails. Tactically it would often be a great advantage if a means were to be found for checking these condensation trails, for they give away an aircraft's position as it moves along at the head of its long white tail.

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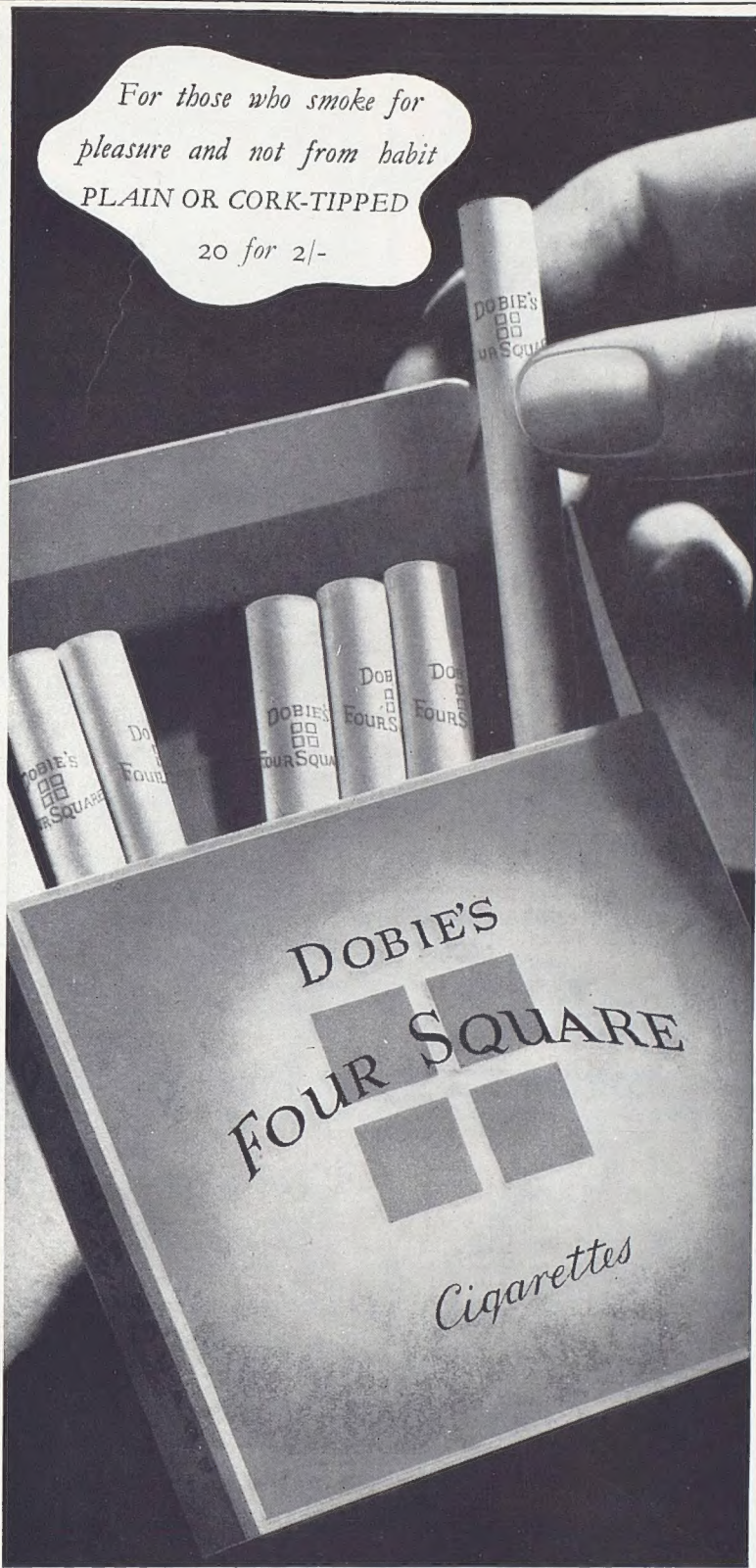
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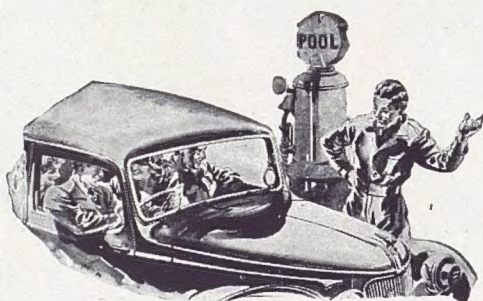
In easier times we shared men's privileges and we are proud to stand beside them now. Men who risk and renounce so much deserve that we should share their burdens too. But war demands more of us than that. We have to work hard and yet retain the grace that comes of leisure. We have to be efficient without becoming brittle. We have to watch that we do not carry into our homes the fatigue and fret of the day. We have to remember that to yield to carelessness is to lower our standard to the enemy. There must be no surrender to circumstances, no giving ground to careless grooming. Now that we have less time and fewer beauty aids, the greater our credit for good results. We must do our best to look our best always. Never should we forget that good looks and good morale go hand in hand.

A WORD TO THE WOMEN OF BRITAIN BY

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